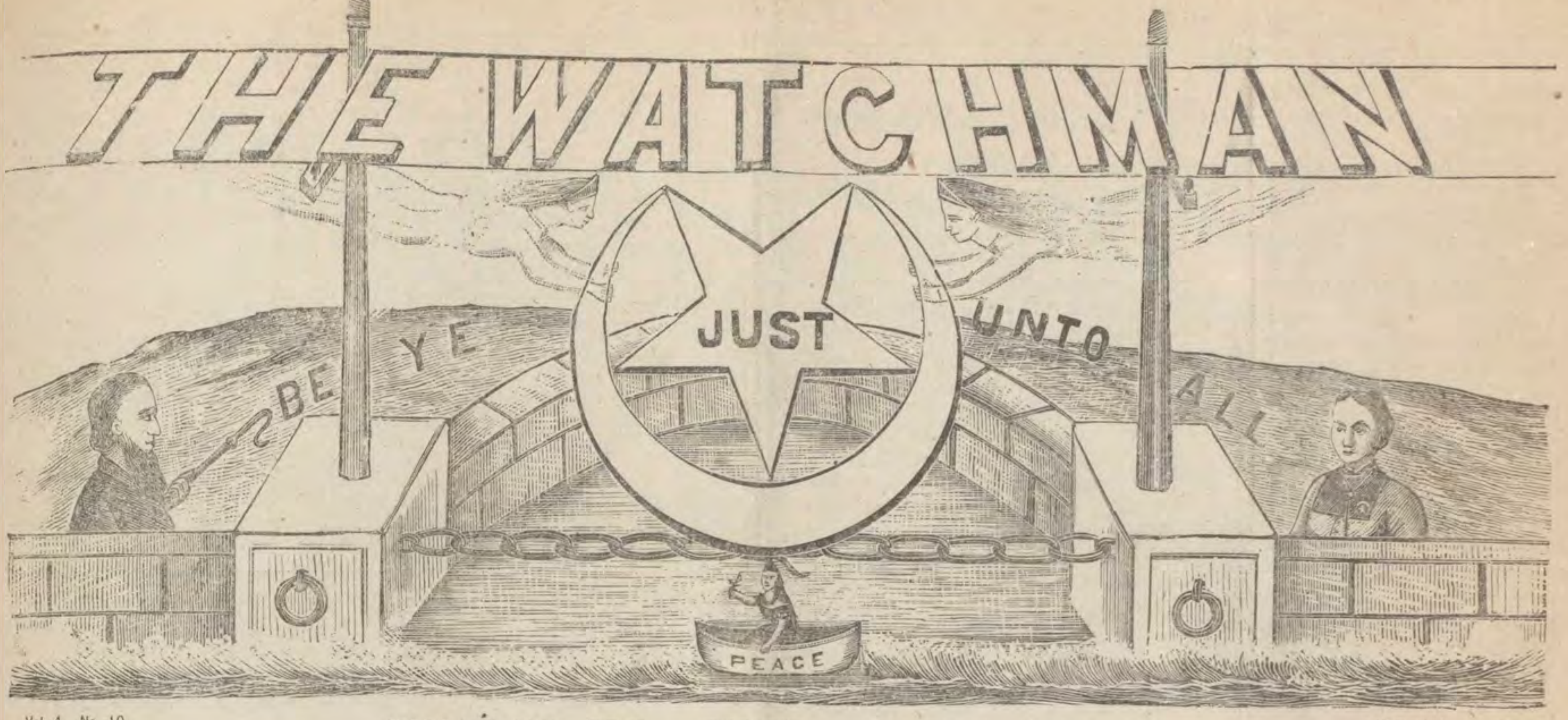


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CONTRASTS OF LIFE.

Volume 2.

SPIRIT HABITATION, OR PLANETARY LIFE.

BY WATCHMAN, SPIRIT EDITOR,
A MEMBER OF THE
AMERICAN AND EASTERN CONGRESS
IN SPIRIT LIFE.

H. A. Cate, Inspirational Writer and Amanuensis.

While further considering the *Progress and Development of Religion*, we find that each Sect or Creed brings with it, its effect upon the human mind. We find, that in proportion to the power of each Sect: so, in keeping, has been the enthralling of the human mind—thus, drawing the attention of each follower thereof, away from the *Laws of Nature*; away from the impulses of the Soul of things; and enslaving the mind in laws and customs such as are deteriorating in health, and unnatural to the Soul—which gives rise to evil thoughts—consequently, evil acts, which are visited upon each other.

Nowhere, in all the annals of History, known or unknown to mortals of this Age, has there been so much of human suffering, as during the periods of Religious Triumph. For the Soul of Mankind has been steeped in sin and debauchery, from the power of the Church, both ancient and modern.

In the modernizing of Sect and Creed, there is recognized less of the power to inflict physical penalty or pain: but the power of derision and of false accusation showered upon unbelievers, is, in the Soul sense, equal to the custom of physical torture. And as long as Church and State join in making laws that shall fetter both the Soul and body of their subjects: so long will crime and deception run rampant o'er the earth.

The child is born from its mother's womb subject to its surroundings both mentally and physically and psychicly. The world is just awakening to the realization of this fact—especially in point of the mental and physical laws of being. But in point of the spirit or psychic side of life, mortals are mainly in the dark. And what leading power keeps them in the dark?

It is the Church, with its varied Sects and Creeds, holding up a crucified atonement rather than a living at-one-ment thro' the laws of life, which are the laws of *Cause and Effect*.

The Religious scarecrows of ancient and modern Mythology serve only to check, for a short space of time, the rising proclivities of the child born and reared under these same teachings.

But the Soul that is generated under a knowledge of *Cause and Effect*, will more readily cultivate the restraining faculties, from a sense of *right and wrong*, in keeping with the laws and consequences of life, as made manifest in and around itself.

When the world's people learn, that instead of a crucified savior who is to bear their sins, that they, thro' *Nature's Laws*, are to suffer and atone, thro' their Soul and spirit existence, for all evils done: then they will awaken to the need of self-cultivation on earth, irrespective of Church or Creed.

Religion is not a *necessity* to Mankind—to the contrary, for it is proven that its influence is that of war and dispute among Nations and families.

There are no two topics that will divide a family against itself equal to Religion and Politics. And the mainspring which runs these two, mighty, social machines, is *the love of power*, and the aggrandizement of clique and party.

There are but a comparative few who act from the instinctive love of worth and right in Political affairs. The same may be said of Church and Religious adherents. The usurpation of the *moral rights* of Mankind by Church, Creed, and Sect is directly in keeping with the unprincipled acts of the majority of the Political leaders—the one being the offspring of the other.

Thus Creed and Church have sown the seeds of human slavery; of woman's subordination to man; of the inferiority of the female to that of the male in all species of being: it has also created a Deity of the masculine gender. Consequently, all Political and Governmental circles of life which are under this Church and Creedal rule, are of the masculine order. And in this condition, the ruling powers of human association exist.

The consequence of this state of things, is imperfectibility in every department of social life.

Equality of rights is the first of rights.

This is to be applied to the male and female in every department of existence.

There shall not be, in the judgment of the Soul, the distinction made between color and sex. For, in the spiritual existence of Mankind, these things are more aud more clearly revealed unto each one. For time and study reveal to the Soul, the great need of the EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

And when this is once firmly established in the government of earthly affairs, the sequence to all other questions of right and wrong will follow as the consequence of a perfect head-center or nucleus.

No Church, Sect, or Creed will ever succeed in establishing a balanced nucleus for a Government, until the theory of a male Deity is left out from their Religion.

The Pope of the Catholic, and the Minister of the Protestant order were originally intended as representatives of the Deity himself. And from this same principle, was derived the idea of a Presidential Chair in Politics, as the proper method of establishing a nucleus—said nucleus to be composed of one male member.

This, in itself, presents but the one half of the natural requirements of Nature's Laws in the fulfillment of every department of life. When father and mother are at variance, the offspring war among themselves. Correspondingly, the different Religious orders are at variance because they are founded upon a false system.

There might be some hope for a Religion founded upon the principle of a male and female ruler: for, in that case, the effects would be to equalize the two sexes, and, consequently, a high race of beings would follow.

But, for the followers of *old Theology*, there is no hope—for they are born in error; taught in error; and, consequently, exist in error, and all manner of evil is the result.

Talk of a depraved Humanity! of the evil tendencies of the human Soul! and I will show you that it is a direct reflection upon the boasted virtues of Religion.

Take the Christian Religion alone, and we see that if it could do all that it is claimed that it will do, then there would be no more evil in the world. For, if the reputed God has made man in his own image, then God must be subject to sin and evil tendencies. And if man requires a Jesus to save him, then God, the counterpart, must need a savior also. And if man, as it is claimed by the Christian Faith, fell from grace thro' the power of the Devil, then God, the counterpart, must also be subservient to the Devil. If one fraction of a Religion is reliable, the whole must be also, or else there is no truth in the claim of its being the injunctions of an infallible God. For this infallibility of the Word of God contained within the Bible, has been *the* rod of iron which has held the Religion of the Churches together. But even iron will rust and crumble; and this rod of the Churches is fast showing the rust of its day; and the people are becoming freed from its iron fetters.

The minds of the people are awakening to the Religion of Nature, and *not* to that of Theology. They demand facts—not theory. A theory may be accepted in so far as it will lead to the establishing of a fact—thus far, and no farther.

And, herein, Spiritualism differs from all other theories, for it has proven itself to be a fact by its demonstrations. For millions and millions of people have seen and heard spirit beings. But the theories of Christianity have yet to be proven a fact.

If no man be allowed to look upon the face of the Christian's God and live, then that God is an annihilator of life.

But to compare the two. Mortals have looked upon the face of spirits—have talked with them, and felt their returning love, and yet these mortals live and have the promise of eternal life, thro' Nature's laws. And the more deeply the students of Spiritualism may search in studying the laws of spirit life, the farther will they be removed from the theories of Creed and Sect.

We speak now of persons who investigate and study independently of their preconceived views of Religion.

Continued in our Next.

Selected.

TRUTH TRIUMPHANT.

By Lizzie E. Doten.

O ye who dare not trust the Soul
  To guide you in your heavenward way—
Who turn from its divine control,
  Blind Superstition to obey—
Know that at length shall come an hour,
  When darkness shall be changed to light,
And Truth, majestic in her power,
  Shall vindicate her ancient right.

The monstrous blasphemy of creeds
  Which represent an angry God,
Who tempts man sorely thro' his needs.
  And meets his failings with a rod—
Eternal wrath thro' blood appeased,
  The curse of God, salvation,s plan,
Are nightmare visions, which have seized
  The slumbering consciousness of man.

Beyond the dim and distant line,
  Which bounds the vision of to-day,
Great stars of truth shall rise and shine
  With steady and unclouded ray;
And calm, brave Souls, who thro' the night
  Have waited patiently and long,
Will see these heralds of the light,
  And feel themselves in truth made strong.

Blind Superstition, cowering, sits
  Amid the ashes of the Past;
While old Tradition, bat-like, flits
  Where Time its deepest gloom hath cast.
The bigot, prospering thro' fraud,
  Pays to the Church his tithes, and then,
With pious fervor, thanks the Lord
  That "he is not like other men."

The Church, by deep dissentions riven,
  To man's progression shuts the door,
And failing thus to enter heaven,
  The "poor in spirit" walk before.
The blood of millions on her hands—
  She pampers pride and winks at sin—
A whited sepulchre she stands,
  Hiding but dead men's bones within.

We do not ask for forms and creeds,
  Or useless dogmas, old or new,
But we *do* ask for Christian deeds,
  With man's progression full in view.
Let her be first to aid and bless,
  And not the first to cast a stone,
The while her robes of righteousness
  Are over foul corruption thrown.

The pure, fresh impulse of to-day,
  Which thrills within the human heart,
As time-worn errors pass away,
  Fresh life and vigor shall impart.
New hopes, like beauteous strangers, wait
  An entrance to man's willing breast,
And child-like faith unbars the gate,
  To welcome in each heavenly guest.

The new must e'er supplant the old,
  While time's unceasing current flows,
Only new beauties to unfold,
  And brighter glories to disclose;
For every crumbling altar-stone
  That falls upon the way of time,
Eternal Wisdom hath o'erthrown,
  To build a temple more sublime.

O ye! who dare not trust the Soul
  To guide you in the way to heaven,
Remember that the lifeless whole
  Is quickened by the hidden leaven;
And they who fearlessly and free,
  The rugged heights of life ascend,
With one united voice agree,
  '*It can be trusted to the end.*"

Contributed to The Watchman.

HENRY C. GORDON.

STATEMENT OF A LIFE-LONG, SUFFERING SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.

I was born on the 29th of December 1835, in Bridgeport, Connecticut. My mother told me that my cradle used to be rocked by some invisible power when I was an infant. At about the age of eight or ten I used to hear sounds on the floor, table, etc., like falling drops of water. When I was a small school-boy my book would at times be jerked out of my hand by some unseen power. During my school-days I became subject to trance and had a clairvoyant gift developed, whereby I could tell people where to find lost things and property, from that I became able to tell sick people what ailed them and what would cure them. At about the age of fourteen, tables, chairs, and other pieces of furniture would go whisking and flying about the room in my presence without contact.

Whilst we were at breakfast, dinner, etc., the table would be lifted up and the things on it disarranged so as to spill the coffee and other liquids. The spirits would throw me into a somnambulist state and send me unconsciously about the house, moving and displacing things generally, without my being conscious of it. My father was a very religious Presbyterian, a praying man at the table and otherwise. My mother was also a very religious Episcopalian, but attended the Congregational Church with my father. About this time I also got the raps. Finally my father consulted his clergyman and the deacons, who finally decided that the manifestations were the work of the devil and the minister told him that if he "spared the rod he would spoil the child," after which my father commenced flogging me whenever the manifestations commenced in his presence. At last he became very cruel and used to tie me to a bedstead and lash me with a trunk strap until my back was raw and bloody. He would then wash my back with salt brine. My mother finally interferred in my behalf and said she would not allow the child to be so tortured, as he could not help doing the things he did. The next Sunday morning, whilst we were at breakfast, the manifestations began again, whereupon my father took me by the nape of the neck and put me out of the house and told me I should never darken his door again while I had these devilish influences around me. I left without my jacket or hat, and as I went along I saw a printed leaf on the ground and on picking it up found it was a Bible leaf on which I read: "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee the Lork will take thee up." I looked up into the trees and heard the blue birds singing and all at once I became very happy. Then I went up to Doc. Kelley's, a Universalist, who took an interest in the manifestations. I met his wife on the verandah and told her I had got religion, because I was so happy. They took me in and I took breakfast with them. My sister soon came up with my jacket and hat and wanted me to go with her to Sunday School. I told her I was not going to Sunday School because I had got religion. I staid with the Kelleys several months and then I went to Dr. Kelley's brother's in Middletown, Connecticut, where I staid six years. There I used to have most wonderful manifestations and was controlled by Kongkeput, my present Indian guide. In 1853 I ran across a log on top of a mill dam twenty feet high, with six inches of water running over it. The spirits would lift me up in my chair and carry me out of the window and set me up on the ridge of the house, etc., etc. As early as 1851 I was thrown into a trance in which I remained totally unconscious and apparently dead for three days, in which I had an extraordinary vision, which was printed, in the Spirit Messenger, of Springfield, Mass., March 1, 1851. After that, up to the present time, innumerable messages have been given thro' me by the spirits, to mortals.

As early as 1850 or 1851, whilst at Mr. Seymour Brown's, in Hartford, Conn., the first full form Materialization occurred in my presence, that we have any account of in these modern days. On that occasion shawls were put around an extension table to shut out the light, whilst one leaf was left out. The form of a lady came thro' the opening so as to show the head and chest to the waist, and then went back again; the face was recognized by some one present. Asa Rogers and his wife were both present on this occasion as was also, Mrs. Mettler, the clairvoyant and medical medium.

The Fox girls were the first female mediums whilst I was the first male medium for these manifestations in America. From 1852 until 1858 I frequently visited Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Providence, Worcester, Baltimore and other cities, on missions. In Providence, R. I., at Dr. S. Webster's house, on Broad Street, in the presence of twelve or more persons, I was taken up bodily and floated over the heads of the company. At Worcester, July 31, 1855, in a well lighted room, bells were rung, etc., and the light being removed, I was taken up bodily, chair and all, and carried over the table and deposited on the floor on the other side, whilst my hands were being held by members of the company. I could relate thousands of such instances as I have narrated that have occurred in my presence since I have been a medium.

I began to sit regularly for full form Materializations in New York City about the close of the late civil war, and was subjected to my first alleged "exposure" about 1873, at my hired rooms just above East Twenty-seventh Street, in Fourth Avenue, when, thro' the machinations of a deceitful woman, who afterwards induced me to marry her, acting, as I believe, in conjunction with other parties, things were so arranged as to cause an appearance that I was engaged in the perpetration of fraud, of which I was entirely innocent. This woman, who I afterwards learned occupied some upper rooms in the same building as myself, and was a habitual attendant of my circles, prepared eight or ten masks of different kinds, most of which were sewed on to full length figures made up of old stuffed clothing, paper, etc., etc. The only mask used during the seance was a very black face of a negro sewed on to an astrachan muff, which represented the curly hair of a negro. During the seance this negro mask was secretly thrown on the floor by the woman, whereupon the conspirators, having previously turned down the light very low, made a rush on me and knocked me down. On my rising and regaining in part my consciousness, one of the party picked up the negro mask and exclaimed: "Here is one of the damned things." Said I: "What is the thing?" They told me it was a coon's head, and said they would now search and see what they could find. They went up stairs and brought down seven or eight stuffed figures, which they charged were my ghosts. They then induced me to take something to drink, which they said would quiet my nerves. In about fifteen minutes I discovered that I had been dosed with poison, whereupon I immediately telegraphed to Dr. Horace Bowen, Jersey City, to Dr. Hallock and Dr. John F. Gray. Dr. Bowen arrived between 1 and 2 o'clock and gave me homeopathic remedies and ordered me into the country. I kept my bed for several days before I could be removed, and vomited and voided blood for eight days. I had four pasteboard effigies which always lay in full sight on the mantle piece, in the sitting room, which I kept to exhibit at the close of my seances to show the contrast between them and the spirit forms. These I never saw after the night I was grabbed. My wife induced me to move to Chicago, where she finally got possession of all my furniture and money, and made a charge of insanity against me and had me sent to the Cook County Insane Asylum, nine miles from the City, where I remained three months and then was discharged by Dr. Tope, the resident Physician, on the ground that I was a sane man, who had been made a victim of a conspiracy. On my release I went to my uncle Ralph Kipp's, Fremont, Tazewell County, Illinois, where I remained four or five months, and then found my way with great difficulty to Philadelphia. When I arrived in the city, in September, 1875, I found my wife there passing herself off as the widow Gordon; on encountering her in Monteray Street one day, while she was in a carriage, waiting for the man she was then living with, I addressed her and remarked that I had at last found her hiding place. Her paramour soon came and jumped in to the carriage and they drove off. My wife then had me arrested under the charge of having attempted to shoot her with a pistol. Five perjured witnesses were brought into Court, who testified that they saw me shoot at the woman. Alderman Boswell chanced to see a report of my trial in the papers and came into Court and testified that he was present on the occasion and witnessed the whole transaction between Gordon and the prosecuting witness as he was passing by, and that nothing of the kind sworn to by the five witnesses occurred. Whereupon the Court adjourned and the jury soon brought in a verdict of "not guilty." The five witnesses all disappeared from the Courtroom while Alderman Boswell was on

the witness stand. I then commenced a suit against my wife and her paramour, for conspiracy, perjury, and adultery. They gave bail, which they both forfeited and fled the city, and she still remains a fugitive from justice. My wife's paramour, within a month after my acquittal, was re-arrested on a criminal charge, brought from Brooklyn, N. Y., tried convicted and sentenced to the Eastern Penetentiary for three years.

I have remained in this city and followed my profession from that time up to the present, with one slight disturbance at my seances, until the evening of the 18th of March 1884. Some days before this date a young man who gave his name as George Mason, from Massachusetts, called in the evening and said that he was recommended by a spiritual friend of mine at the tax office where he was employed, to come up and witness my manifestations. After a little conversation with him I admitted him into the seance, at the close of which he remained some time and told me he was well pleased with what he had seen, and said that in confidence he would tell me that a young lady deceased, that he had seduced, came to him at the seance and that he was anxious to see her again, that he might learn whether she was happy and would forgive him. He leaned on my shoulder and said: "O, doctor, you don't know how I feel." He gained my sympathies and I gave him, gratis, a card of admission for the next seance.

The next Tuesday he came again, and at the close of that seance he said that he had seen another form whom he fully recognized to be his aunt. He then said that he was boarding with his brother-in-law, who was a man of great intelligence and whom he would like to bring with him to the next seance. I asked him if he was all right on the subject? He put his hand on my shoulder and said: "Doctor, do you think I would bring anybody here that was not all right?" I consented that his friend should come. When they came Mr. Mason introduced his friend to me as William Murray. I do not know what they witnessed at that seance, nor did either one of them tell me what occurred. On Tuesday evening the 18th of last March, the two came together into the house. A short time after their entrance a young man came hastily into the store, who Mr. Kerr stopped as he rushed along, and asked him what he wanted? He said he wanted to see Mr. Gordon. I met him and as a number of strangers walked in I told him to take a seat in the back room, and I would see him dirictly. It slipped my mind that he was there and I went up stairs to make the seance room ready. The company of thirteen in all, came up together and took their seats as requested. As usual each visitor was handed a ticket whilst in the room below, on which was printed in large type: —

"HENRY C. GORDON, MEDIUM FOR PERSONIFICATION, TRANSFORMATION, AND MATERIALIZATION."

The first thing I was conscious of after I entered the cabinet and was entranced, was that I found myself on my back lying on the floor, and George Mason was choking me. I opened my eyes at the instant the gas was turned up brightly over my head and I saw William Murray with a pistol in his hand, when I spoke and said, "George, is that you? I thought you was my frielid?" He replied: "I was in the dark." (I ought to have stated before this that I had taken George Mason into my cabinet at the opening of two of the seances, that he might be satisfied there was nothing wrong there.) As I attempted to rise George Mason held me down by the throat and bounced my head repeatedly so hard on the floor that I became dazed and partly unconscious, nor have I at this writing fully recovered from their treatment. At this instant George Mason called on William Murray to help gather up the things, when Murray told me to lie still or he would put the handcuffs on me. Mason handed me my coat. In the act of doing so my pocket-book, containing $21, dropped out of the breast pocket on to the floor; I reached out my hand to pick it up, when ——— ——— shoved me back and said: "I will take charge of that." We went down stairs, Murray told Mr. Kerr and myself that we must go with them to a magistrate, but that we would be back again in an hour's time, consequently we did not put out the gas or fasten the windows. We were carried to Moyamensing prison, from whence we were not discharged until ten days had expired, when we were restored to liberty on bail.

In the end it proved that the man who called himself ——— ———, was a reporter for the Philadelphia *Press*, and that his friend who was introduced as ——— ———, proved to be an officer, whilst the third raider was another reporter for the same newspaper. That is the last I have seen or heard of my pocket-book. After being released I called with two witnesses at the office of the *Press* and asked for my pocket-book, but failed to get it.

CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, *ss.*

Personally appeared before me, the subscriber, W. W. Dougherty, Esq., a Notary Public for the State of Pennsylvania, residing in the City of Philadelphia, Henry C. Gordon, who being duly sworn according to law, doth depose and say, that the attached nineteen and one-half pages of manuscript is true and correct, and that in a period of thirty-six years of his spiritual mediumship he has never knowingly or consciously been guilty of trickery or fraud in one single instance, and further deponent saith not. HENRY C. GORDON.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 28th day of April, A. D. 1884.

W. W. DOUGHERTY, { L. S. }
Notary Public.
Office, No. 1317 Market Street.

I think it shows "inconsistency" to believe one set of miracles simply because they are in a book that priests succeeded in palming off on a lot of credulous, ignorant, fanatical, superstitious people as God's word, and doubting all others, tho' thousands of them are ten times better attested to and less incredible as well.

—Elmina Drake Slenker.

Written for The Watchman.

MATERIALIZATION OF SPIRIT FORMS.

Many people deem Materialization a fraud, a trick, or a deception; but in this, man is sadly ignorant and at fault: for everything that appears to his physical senses, is a Materialization, and gathered from the elements, by Nature's immutable law.

Materialization of spirit forms are produced by spirit power and gathered from the elements in accordance with Nature's law.

Nature requires time to perfect her work: while the spirit Chemists only require proper conditions to perfect their work.

The immortal Soul learns from Nature: mortals learn of man.

The spirits learn all the arts of CHEMISTRY—each and every one learns this as they progress in spirit life; and they learn to collect, unite, and utilize all the elements for their own use, as well as to assist Humanity; and for demonstrating their power, and love to man.

To mortals the air is, at times, perfectly clear, and nothing visible can be discerned by them: while to the immortal, all the elements required to perfect all things on earth, are plainly visible in the clearest atmosphere.

The process of Materialization is performed by those from the higher Spheres—those who understand all CHEMICAL powers: they bring their mediums in contact with those who are to control; then the forces are equalized, and the conditions are made to perfect Materialization; it is then done by clothing the spirit form with materiality—the particles collected from the elements and the sitters, at the seance. are carried into the cabinet by the invisibles, where a CHEMICAL process takes place that man does not understand.

There cannot be anything Materialized that hath not a spiritual—there must be a spirit form and a spirit dress, or they cannot be clothed with material substance. Spirits perfect this before the natural law can accomplish it.

Man sows the seed in Spring-time, that he expects to reap in Harvest-time. He knows of no power that can bring it to maturity before the Harvest: and he waits Nature's course—so with all he wears.

The spirits do not wait, but gather from the elements, that which they require, and perfect in a short time, that which Nature requires long days, months, and years to perfect.

One class of spirits gather the elements, the same as your gleaners in the fields; another class mix these substances together; then another applies them to the spirit form, or the article they desire to bring to your notice.

*M*an asks why these forms cannot bear the light?

Go into your fields and bare the young shoots of grain to the Sun's rays, before they come thro' the soil of their own accord—soon you will see them wither, fade, and return to earth from whence they came.

The same with the *M*aterialized spirit; it came to maturity by the CHEMICAL rules of spirit law. Hence, it cannot bear the light any better than the grain that is not prepared for it.

If mortals understood these immutable laws of Nature, they would know and understand how these *M*aterialized forms are produced; and there would be less spirit grabbing, and fewer ignorant, and mistaken mortals.

In order to understand these laws, man must educate himself by the study of Nature and Nature's laws: that will enable him to see that all things in Nature are grand *M*aterializations: and he will understand the Great Overruling Power that governs and controls all things. And the clothing of a spirit form with material substance will be understood. And the spirit workers will not be as often interferred with in their work for the benefit and enlightenment of the Human Race.

Then the instruments the angels use, will not be classed with tricksters, frauds, and cheats, by those who have wronged them, thro' their ignorance of natural and immutable law.

J. B. FAYETTE.

Oswego, N. Y.

Written for The Watchman.

THE FRIENDS OF LONG AGO.

Where are the friends of long ago—
Those good, old fashioned friends of ours
That sang us songs and told us tales
To gladden childhood's happy hours?

Alas! alas! for well we know
That o'er their graves the grasses grow.

Yes, in the grave their bodies lie,
But yet their spirit goes not there—
We listen—but no smothered sigh,
No word, no sound, no whispered prayer.

Go ask the winds, the clouds, the Sea,
Where can our lost, our loved ones be?

And you, bright stars that nightly gleam,
Far in those holy depths above,
Have ye no tidings that may tell
Of those lost friends that we still love?

Go search the realms of space afar,
And tell us where our loved ones are.

They tell us of a Summer-land
With vallies green and fresh and fair;
With lakes & rivers & mountains grand—
They say our loved ones, too, are there.

Come back, Oh loved ones, come and tell
Us of the land in which you dwell.

MRS. W. S. MOORE.

Stony Fork, Pa.

PAUSE, O friend, ere thou doest wrong. Remember that it is not only the deed itself that will be thy condemnation, but the long train of events that may grow out of it. We are all living examples to others. We must lead those we influence either toward the good or the evil. We have it in our power to go right or go wrong before we start, but we can never retrace a step after it is once taken.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

HE who loves to read and knows how to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.

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We open our columns to the Public and invite correspondence; reserving the right to reject any communication that we deem improper to be issued in our columns. Under no consideration will anonymous letters be published: we require the name and address of the writer as a guaranty of good faith.

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H. A. CATE,
Editress of THE WATCHMAN.
1073 CLIFTON PARK AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

As Editress of a Liberal Journal, we do not hold ourself responsible for the different views expressed by our correspondents. If we should do so, we would forfeit our right to the title of a Liberal Journal. Rather do we invite a variety of expressions from those who wish to honestly express their highest conceptions of Truth, Right, and Justice. In this way, we elicit thought, one with another.

Personally, we prefer radical and reformatory views: and we invite earnest thinkers, Spiritualists, Reformers, and Liberalists everywhere, to correspond thro' the columns of THE WATCHMAN.

Facts, for May, 1884, published by Facts Publishing Co., at 105 Summer Street, Room 32, Boston, Mass., (P. O. Box 3539), at $1.00 per annum, is exceedingly interesting, giving, as it does, such a variety of well attested proofs of spirit power. We recommend this monthly Journal of *Facts*, to investigators of the Spiritual Philosophy.—EDITRESS of THE WATCHMAN.

The *Freethinkers' Magazine and Freethought Directory, for the United States and Canada*, is a bi-monthly publication, Devoted to the interests of Freethinkers everywhere. H. L. Green, Editor and Proprietor, Salamanca, N. Y. Terms: $1.50 per annum, in advance, 25 cents a copy. Fee for entering your name in the *Directory* for one year, 25 cents.

The above mentioned work is a truly useful publication. Freethinkers will do well to enter their names in the *Directory* Department.—ED.

Address H. L. Green, Salamanca, N. Y.

Peace Bird's Mission Fund.

It has been suggested by the Band of Spirits, that we establish a FUND by contribution from different persons who feel to donate what they are able, towards sending THE WATCHMAN free to those who are unable to pay for it.

Each donation thereto will be acknowledged by the Editress, by letter, to the party sending it.

Small amounts will be gratefully received, to help on the work.—EDITRESS.

Send for photograph of Spirit WHITE FEATHER, PEACE BIRD, as a magnet of Spirit power. Price 50 cents. Address H. A. CATE, Editress,
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The publishers of *Mind and Matter* wish to announce that they have several files of Vols. 3, 4, & 5 of *Mind and Matter*, for binding, all complete and in perfect order. Persons desiring the same should apply to L. I. Abbott, Manager. 713 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.—ED.

☞ The Chicago Association of Progressive, Universal, Radical Spiritualists and Mediums hold a meeting each Sunday at 2½ p. m., at Liberty Hall, 213 W. Madison Street. Seats *free*. Public cordially invited. Dr. N. MacLeod, Chairman.

☞ Mediums meeting each Sunday at 10½ a. m., at Apollo Hall, 2730 State St. Public cordially invited, Seats *free*.

S. A. Danforth, Chairman.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Editress:—Accept my sincere thanks for your clear and, I may add, *able* interpretation of the question on the "Double", in your issue of Feb. 1884

You have ventilated a subject that has thrown more *light* on that perplexing question, than has ever before reached me thro' any other source.

It opens up a field of thought to the inquiring mind and invites investigation; and it is, to me, as the compass is to a wrecked mariner—a beacon light, to see more clearly into the mysteries of the, so-called, "Double". For, really, I was both bothered and perplexed, for this "Double" of life presents itself in such a variety of forms—to quote Shakspeare, "in such questionable shape" that, at times, I was on the point of proclaiming, as the wise men did of old, who knoweth of the spirit of man that goeth upward, and of the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?

Ever since my earliest recollection, I have heard stories of the "Double".

My mother relates one concerning her brother, Robert Turnbull. It appears that he had been to see a friend, and on his way home, one bright, moonlight night, he was impressed that there was some one near him, and, looking back, sure enough, he saw a man on horseback. The horse looked like a twin to the one he was then riding, and the man appeared to be a twin-brother to himself—he rubbed his eyes and looked and scrutinized what he saw, and said, "It must be my horse and myself." On arriving home, his mother asked him how he found his friend: he told her the particulars as I have stated, and, laughingly, remarked, if he had a choice, he should select a better looking, and a more agreeable companion for a road-mate.

It worried his mother, as she believed it to be a forerunner of death. However, he lived a number of years after that, but was finally lost at Sea.

I once visited the Town of New Castle, at the head of the Damariscotta River in the State of Maine, I went, with a cousin of mine, to visit a family by the name of Knoten, who lived about three miles from New Castle, there was mother, son, and two daughters. During the evening, the conversation turned on Spiritualism. They became alarmed, for they knew nothing about Spiritualism, but added that they had seen things that they could not account for.

The daughters remarked that they had seen their mother's "Double"—had met it on the street in different parts of the town. And Rosina, one of the daughters, stated that, at one time, she distinctly saw her mother in the garden picking currents, she (Rosina) went directly into the house and found her mother busy about her work. The mother then said to Rosina, that she must hurry and pick some currents for dinner.

Now, there is a point—the mother was in the garden, in mind, picking currents, and the daughter saw her "Double".

I would truly like to hear from others, on this important subject.

I will do what I can in getting subscribers for your very valuable paper.

Yours Fraternally.

B. G. CHAPMAN.

Tonawanda, N. Y.

Dear Sister, Hattie A. Cate: —

Inclosed you will find $1, for another year. God and the angels will bless you for sending so much good news of glad tidings to all Man and Womankind.

THE WATCHMAN comes regularly once a month—but I am only sorry it does not come once a week, and I do not know if that could satisfy—we would want more. I take the *Voice of Angels*, a God-send of a paper, I could not do without either, it seems to me.

I have been trying to get you some subscribers, for I do think if people would but read your dear paper, how much happier they would be. May God and the angels help you and all Mankind to do good, is my prayer.

SARAH A. WILLSON.

Fairfield, Kent Co., Ontario.

Editress:—I read your paper with much interest. I think it one of the best I have ever seen—there are so many good pieces, either one worth *more than the subscription price.* For instance—CONTRASTS OF LIFE *is above money value to the earnest seeker after Truth.* Fraternally.

EMILINE HARDING.

Armstrong, Neb.

Editress of The Watchman—I send you the following statement, for publication, made in writing by a thoro'ly reliable investigator, for thirty years, of the spiritulistic phenomena.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

STATEMENT.

I have known "medium", Henry Gordon, ever since about the year 1855; have attended multidude of his seances—many of them private, and in other appartments than his own, some of them, in Rhode Island.

I *know* he is a genuine "spiritual medium". What may have been his conduct toward others, may be left to them to judge—tho' inexperienced parties are not always competent judges, and not a few who have experience.

I feel quite confident Mr. Gordon has not attempted to impose upon me, tho' I have witnessed the most extraordinary—not to say, most seemingly incredible instances of "spirit Materialization" I have ever been favored with, at his seances.

Especially, during the latter quarter of last year, when I attended seances at his house in Philadelphia, No. 691 North 13th St.

Save one, these latter seances were entirely private—none other than the "medium" being present, excepting Mr. Kerr, who always sat at my side, on these occasions —save one.

Being absent on *this* occasion, I was, therefore, the sole attendant, and must wind the musical box, and adjust the lights, &c., &c., myself. This was annoying, but I think the seance was not seriously affected thereby—tho' I was unable to supply the vocal music that Mr. Kerr afforded, at intervals—on these occasions: tho' they are highly requisite when attendants are numerous and unselected; therefore, apt to be more or less discordant.

I never saw Mr. Kerr, until last Winter. He attends a small dry goods store, with which Mr. Gordon supplements his efforts to obtain a very frugal subsistence.

I was particularly impressed by Mr. Kerr's modest, simple demeanor—if he is *not* an honest man, I am greatly mistaken in my judgment of him, and may be so—but I could not believe to the contrary, even if every self-professed, self-acknowledged frauds, should swear to the contrary, and were they "backed" by their own confessions that they were to be paid for the "job", so soon as sufficient testimony of this description, to ensure conviction of their prey, should be sworn to in Court by themselves.

JOSEPH P. HAZARD.

Peacedale, R. I., April 15, 1884.

Editress of The Watchman: —

Whilst attending a Materializing seance alone this afternoon with Mr. Joseph Caffrey and wife, at 202 W. 36th Street, N. Y. City, I witnessed some pleasing manifetations.

My wife and four of our spirit daughters came in full form and sat, in turn, on my knee, embraced and kissed me, as usual, whilst each presented me with a rose or pink, and conversed in whisper. Most of them Materialized and dematerialized their forms outside the cabinet.

Little Patience also brought the medium (Mrs. C.) out of the cabinet with her, they standing side by side, the medium in a dark dress and Patience in white.

One of my daughters handed me a large bunch of Lilacs, dripping wet, which she said were brought from quite a distance, (probably from where it was raining, at the time).

After the seance was over, I passed into the front parlor, and whilst sitting by the window reading a newspaper, a good-sized, half-blown, yellow rose fell on my paper, apparently, from the ceiling above. This was followed by several other sprigs, pinks, rosebuds, &c.; nor did the shower of flowers cease falling after Mr. and Mrs. Caffrey came into the room and took seats near me, but rather increased so as to keep Mrs. C. pretty busy in gathering up the flowers. The specimens amounted to eighteen in all.

On getting up to go, I found a small flower-pot in the center of my hat, containing a rare plant, in bloom, which was, doubtless, brought by my spirit friends, thro' some occult law or power unknown to mortals.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

New York City, May 16, 1884.

PERSEVERE.

In the conflict of life
Be faithful and true,
And do with thy might
What thy hands find to do;
Ne'er falter nor faint,
The result never fear,
But look upward for strength
And then PERSEVERE
Three times.

Should storms gather o'er thee,
And threaten to blast
Thy hopes of the Future
And joys of the Past;
Fear not the dread threatening,
But be of good cheer,
Look upward for strength
And then PERSEVERE
Three times.

Should misfortune o'ertake,
Or sorrow betide,
And the friends of thy youth
Thy sorrow deride;
Then think of that friend
Who ever is near,
Look upward for strength
And then PERSEVERE
Three times.

And in whatever Sphere
Thy lot may be cast,
Do thy work like a man
And *be true to the last;*
Be honest, be *faithful,*
Be just and sincere,
Look upward for strength,
With joy PERSEVERE
Three times.

—*Selected.*

Written for The Watchman.

To J. M. ROBERTS.

Spurned thou the hypocrite's tone in fine,
Plain were thy words of stern pointed satire—
Firm for a principle thy design,
Fearless to work regardless of ire.

Falsehood thy foe was met face to face;
Medium's friend, they reciprocate now—
Friend of the friendless in kindest embrace,
Futile are words to gratefulness show.

Light of the Spheres thro' medium's minds
Thou testest from Age to Age as it falls
Critic to pierce where mystery twines,
Rending creed-cords that manhood enthralls.

Valleys obscured by the haze of time
Break loose from vaulted priest-hidden myths—
Worshipers spiced with ritual thyme
Start at thy voice from death's subtle mists.

Frankly they own to life's wasted good,
And witness in gravest humility
That martyr-fires and kindling wood
Still wait the tyrant's force of decree.

Hearts, *feeling hearts,* yea, hearts not a few
Beat with thine now in these dark, trial-hours—
Hands are extended thy path to bestrew
With healthful, healing, uplifting powers.

Out of the foam of the wrathful surf
Thou shalt emerge as purest crystal clear—
Crowned with the gems of sterling worth
Armed for a higher battle career.

Daring to brave Titan-venomed rage
Thou'st felt the rusty steel seek for thy heart—
But thou wilt show in stronger wage,
Courage the bolder for suffering smart.

Stemming the breakers thy bark is riven,
The hulk wafts safely tho' sound to the core;
Face to the skies whence hope is given,
Valiantly sculling thou'lt make the shore.

Truth is thy client and worthy thou
The noble honor of manly defence—
Nations will proudly laurel thy brow,
Shouting thy name thro' centuries hence.

TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

Ellington, N. Y.

Continued from Seventh Page.

sort to carry out the orders of Rome.

She hates the heretics to-day with a deadly hatred. Each one of her followers is imbued with that self-same spirit, and would rise as one man and fight till the last drop of blood left their veins, their love for their Religion is so strong.

Now, if the Pope should issue his mandate to "strike", 'twould be no mean war that would follow.

I say, AWAKE, ye that SLUMBER! AROUSE from your LETHARGY! and help fight this, our common foe.

Let us warn the rising generation of the danger that menaces them, so that they will not have it to say: —

"Why were we not warned of this by our ancestors?"

In the September 1883 issue of THE WATCHMAN, you took up the subject of VACCINATION, and very ably proved that it is a horrid monster which is contaminating the whole of England.

My Soul, what a fearful curse it is?

I have three children, and never shall one grain of the accursed poison be instilled into their veins.

When I was fifteen, I vaccinated myself, and never shall I forget how sick I was. My arm was so lame that I could not raise it from my side, and from my shoulder to the bottom of my foot, I was as sore as I possibly could be and live. To-day, I feel the effects of it, as I am not a strong, rugged man, as I ought to be.

I think, when Legislation gets hold of this poisonous monster, as it certainly will, we shall get rid of a fearful curse.

I will now ask, Who set these reform balls to rolling—the Church?

That's a good one. Who ever heard tell of the Church ever advocating any great reform among the people!

Reforms always start from Infidels, Spiritualists, Materialists, Freethinkers, &c., not from the Church.

Spiritualists make it a study to help their fellow-beings in every possible way. They are all the time opening up new fields of thought. They spread themselves over all the earth in such a manner that they embrace all the human race, and say unto them, Thou art my sister; thou art my brother; we have charity for thee in thy failings, because we understand the law that brought thee into existence.

Right here, I would say that Spiritualists have more charity than any other people, for they understand something about the law of organization. They know that every Soul is organized to fill a certain destiny: that every Soul doth do, every day, just the best it possibly can under certain circumstances, and the then existing influences.

Enclosed, please find subscription price for your valuable paper.

Yours in the Cause of Justice and Truth, against error.

CHARLES M. BROWN.

Glenburn, Maine.

GOOD resolutions are an honor to every heart that forms them. But that honor takes to itself a new luster, and that heart is noble still, when the resolutions are not broken.—*The Guardian.*

CORRESPONDENCE TO THE WATCHMAN,

By Mrs. MINERVA MERRICK, Quincy, Ill.

Formerly Publisher of

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

☞ *The publication of "A Fountain of Light," as a Periodical, is discontinued.* ☞ *Bound copies of Volume 1, containing 832 pages, can be obtained of Mrs. Minerva Merrick, Quincy, Ill., at 50 cents each. Postage 16 cents.*

TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS.

We have had an experience that we wish to relate, in regard to the punishment and cruelty which is practiced in jails and other prisons.

We have heard, from good authority, of the cruel treatment of prisoners in the penetentiary at Jefferson City, Mo. That there is a man by the name of Johnson, confined there—the leader of the riot of Feb. 1883—a violent, bad man, no doubt—but is he sufficiently bad to be made to suffer the horrible agony of being confined in a dark cell so small that he could only lay down or stand up—and hasbeen in that condition one year, (we hope there is a mistake in the time,) living on bread and water, and being cruelly whipped.

Can there not be some other way devised to treat undeveloped, morally diseased mortals, as this mode has a most baleful influence on that class of individuals?

A warden of 20 years service, may become as insane and cruel as those who are under his control, and may treat his brother man with exaggerated cruelty. But when the law of retribution is executed, he may stand on a lower plane than those he treated with inhuman severity.

It seems incredible to our mind, that a man could sleep 365 nights in a year while he knew that his brother man was suffering untold agony caused by his power over him.

No doubt, that warden was educated, by being taught lessons from the Bible, in childhood; as Infidels and Atheists seldom occupy positions in prisons either as officers or prisoners.

Bart. Rodgers, a cruel murderer, a very bad character—no extenuating circumstances—was sentenced by Judge and Jury to spend a period of years in the Jefferson City Penetentiary. He committed one murder while he was incarcerated—he killed another prisoner while he sat at the table—he drew his head back and cut his throat with a knife.

Governor Crittenden pardoned him (Bart. Rodgers)—released him, and exposed the community to the freaks of a lunatic—one who, at any time, may be obsessed by undeveloped or deranged spirits, and commit deeds of greater horror—not being able to govern himself or the enemies of his own household.

And who can decide the responsibility of his acts?

We cannot perceive Justice in giving the power to any man to decide whether a prisoner shall be executed or released.

An officer in a prison should not have the power to punish vicious characters according to his own judgment, for he might be as violent as the one he punishes—and there is no good in punishment—it is evil or devil.

When two men meet in positive opposition, they create evil thoughts and deeds.

If a prisoner feels discouraged, or is in a passion of anger, and the overseer should treat him as he himself would like to be treated if he were in the same condition—pity and condole with him in his unhappy state, and help him to bear his trials with fortitude and resignation; teach him that "it is not the whole of life to live, nor all of death to die," and a very different result would be produced, than what cruel, physical punishment produces.

Brotherly love will calm the troubled waters and restore the fallen one to a state of willinguess to suffer the consequence of his misdeeds.

When the criminal is willing, half the burden is removed, as he then rises above his condition; and the officer, by embracing the opportunity of bestowing commiseration on the criminals under his care, will elevate and purify their characters, and will cast the devil or evil out of himself if not out of the criminals. M. M.

Dear Editress:—We will write an experience we had with some of our good neighbors recently, as it may be useful and agreeable to your readers.

Two ladies called one afternoon and related the circumstance and conversation of a meeting that they had with a Christian minister—as one of them belonged to his Church.

He was thoro'ly opposed to having anything to do with Spiritualism—he thought it was a dangerous circle to enter; and requested the Christian lady to discontinue holding seances, (as she was a medium,) or he would feel it his duty to excommunicate her.

But she preferred communicating with the messengers from the spirit world, and opening the door for others to enjoy the same happiness.

She is a fine medium, and has belonged to that Church many years. She is a pleasant, good-natured lady, and makes no pretentions. She does not set a price on her mediumship, for fear of injuring her gift, but takes what the sitters give—which is not very much.

This medium's mother, who is now in the spirit realm, belonged to the same Church, she is still in the same circle, and would like to keep her daughter in the same circle of ignorance, if she could, and does all she can to retard her progress and development, the same as the *pretending* Christians do here in this Sphere.

We say *pretending*, because they do not show one sign that Jesus, *the spirit of Truth*, said would follow, if they believed in his teachings and works, and did them.

Read the *tenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel*, friends, and you will find that the teachings of Jesus are demonstrated facts, to-day, in every land: and that the prophecies of the ancient prophets, Isaiah, Joel, Daniel, &c., are coming to pass daily; and that the visions of John on the Island of Patmos, are being revealed now.

New records are being written of far more wonderful works and phenomena than ever before on this Planet.

The Children of Israel or Churches have exalted themselves, and by that means have become idolaters, and thank their God that they are not like other men.

They pray three times every day, and give alms to the poor: and say to those they consider as subordinates, if you persist in meeting together, sitting around tables, singing spiritual songs—waiting for the spirit of Jesus (*the spirit of Truth*), that he, by his presence, might give assurance of his resurrection, we will refuse to fellowship with you in our Church.

We are impressed to say that mediums are no better for belonging to a Church; nor any worse for being turned out of the Church; but may be more useful when free.

All Mankind are mediums for the expression of thoughts, by the meeting of positive and negatve forces or a touching of the aura surrounding the brain. And many of them have peculiar gifts. St. Paul said that there was a diversity of gifts: therefore, we should cultivate the best that we have, and be satisfied with our own, and not covet our neighbors' gifts.

Jesus said to his pupils:—

"*Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?*" Also:—

"*But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the Sea.*"

Let those who think they stand, take heed lest they fall.

This is the end of the Age of what is called Christianity.

The sifting time has come, when all the good wheat of loving-kindness that has been shown to the lower, undeveloped children of the loving Father will be garnered, and the chaff of false teachings, of oppression, of cruelties, and selfishness shall be burned with unquenchable fire of remorse and regret. M. M.

Dear Editress:—Doubtless, you recollect a contribution, from this spiritual center, published in the Dec. (1883) issue of THE WATCHMAN, in relation to an experience we had with the spirit of Thomas Webster, whose family live in Dubuque, Iowa.

We have a medium in our family who is a discerner of spiritual things. She sees symbols and the spirits of mortals, and hears and understands what the spirits say, also the meaning of the symbols. She answers mental questions by motions of her hand.

She would not, knowingly, make a false move with her hands, to answer a question, for love or money, and will not hear the question asked, lest it should influence the motion of her hands in answering the question: therefore, we always ask the questions mentally, and they are read by the spirits, but not by the medium or any mortal this side of the veil that separates the visible from the invisible Spheres.

As we sat by our altar, recently, the medium said, "I see a strange Indian, he says, *how? how? how?*"

This we understood to mean *good evening*. We knew he came for a purpose, and we asked our guides if they would impress us what the Indian came for? They answered, yes.

In a few moments we heard the same doleful sound that we heard in Dec. 1883. and were satisfied that it came from the same source—the medium did not hear the sound.

The sound was in keeping with the death of a Mr. Webster.

Mrs. Webster had been ill, and we asked if Mr. and Mrs. Webster were present in spirit? And by the vigorous raps, we felt sure that they were with us,

And fancied, but thinly the veil intervened
Between my loved friends and me.

Language is inadequate to express the happiness of intercommunion with mortals and immortals.

We wrote immediately to Mrs. Benson, inquiring after her mother's health, and found that it was much improved, and she was happy, that my spirit friends had made a mistake, and she to have the society of her mother to comfort and bless her for many more years.

We do not consider that our spirit friends made a mistake; but, as the opportunity is presented, we will state that the spirits of mortals have the power to leave the physical body while that body is in a severe state of illness, or, while asleep, and also while in a state of trance.

St. Paul was a trance medium, and it is recorded that he ascended to the seventh Sphere or heaven.

We have the testimony of the most reliable, cultivated people, that the spirits of mortals have been seen in places far distant from their physical bodies.

Rev. Mr. Anderson, a minister of the Congregational Church, of Quincy, Ill., called on us, and related an experience he had when very sick—not expecting to recover.

His spirit left his body, and passed thro' folding-doors into another room, and described what he saw—beautiful things, views of lakes, rivers, and mountains; and said it all seemed to be within himself. Something told him that he must return as there was more work for him to do. He said he had no desire to go back, as the sensation of being free from all pain was exceedingly delightful to him, but he returned, and as he approached the bed where his body lay, he saw the attendants steaming his throat, and at that moment he felt the pain.

We have written this communication in behalf of Thomas Webster, for it is of importance to him, if not to his friends, as he desires to communicate with them in Scotland, and in this Country also. They, we presume, are not willing to provide the conditions by which he can identify himself to them. When he was in this Sphere of existence, his loving regard drew him over the Sea to express it to them, but now he knocks in vain at the door of their intellects, and they will not receive him nor his father and mother and other friends whose love is intensified—begging for admission.

We keep our spiritual door open for the admittance of spirits, and cordially invite them all, and they come and we pity and sympathize with them in their unhappy condition. We are not afraid of anything in the spirit world nor in this Sphere. We have no conception of a personal devil, therefore have no fear.

This idea has been revealed to us, that men and women create the devil, when they transgress the law of love to one's neighbor or to each other, and that is the devil we should fear.

We feel securely established on the rock of truth, love, mercy, and justice—an influence that evil or devil cannot penetrate: it is a state of freedom, peace, and harmony, the Kingdom of Heaven that is always at hand, and an open door for all those who desire to enter. M. M.

Written for The Watchman.

VACCINATION.

I received a circular, recently, enclosing a card on which was printed the following : —

"Dear Sir :—We desire to inform you that we have secured an Agency from the 'National Vaccine Establishment,' Washington, D. C. * * *

"This *Establishment*, as will be seen from the enclosed card, is virtually under the inspection, and endorsed by the *Chief Medica Officers of the United States Government.*

"Its object is to furnish only a '*pure, colorless Virus*,' and to inform the Profession that anything departing from such standard, is adulterated or contaminated by foreign material. Feeling confident that we are offering a '*safe*' [*italics mine*] and superior article, we ask you to give it a trial.

Respectfully Yours, &c."

In the first place, a mistake has been made in sending the above circular to my address: for it is evident that the sender was not aware of the fact that I am an inveterate foe to VACCINATION—one who can neither be coaxed nor bought.

In the second place, I judge that Washington, D. C., is a very good location for humanized and animalized poison to be manufactured : from the fact, (if we are to believe the daily Press reports,) that all the vileness and mental filth of the American Nation congregate at that point—whether in Congress or out of it.

If I was compelled to choose between the two poisons made at that place, I should select that which bore the Congressional trade-mark—less poison than the "*pure, safe,*" vaccine virus.

In the third place, a brazen falsehood is uttered when it is claimed that a "*pure*" and "*safe*" article is offered to the public, in the shape of animal virus.

The very name—*virus*—means vile matter—poison—and is of the same substance as boils and ulcers—the concentrated poison from that system.

And to take that corruption and infuse it into another's system, is a crime deserving of CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

I pass on to notice a few extracts which I shall make from the card enclosed.

After noticing, in glowing terms, this Establishment at the Nation's cess-pool, it states that its purpose is to produce "*only*" "*pure, unstained, vaccine lymph.*"

And furthermore : —

"That when a quill or point presents a red or brown tint it is due to the presence of *blood :* a yellow tint indicates the presence of *pus*, each of which is foreign and, possibly, dangerous material, always diluting the virus instead of increasing its activity."

I would here remark that those qualifications which these poison venders have indicated as being dangerous, are the very conditions that are chosen by some Doctors as pure virus—truly, when Doctors disagree, who shall know the truth ?

What is vaccine virus ?

It is the serum of blood, containing also blood-cells in small numbers along with the vaccinal germs, and the constituents derived from the blood may naturally carry with them any poison contained in the blood.

Vaccine lymph can, therefore, convey any disease whose cause can reside in the blood, and, therefore, in the lymph of a vaccine vesicle.

If it were possible to filter off the vaccine germs from vaccine lymph, and use these alone, it might be possible to avoid all other taint. But why dwell on impossibilities ?

This poison factory furnishes what is termed the "Dickson combined quill slip and scarifier ;" which looks exactly like a minie-ball. It is duller than the ivory, bone, or metal points, and produces an abrasion of instead of an incission thro' the skin, preventing the flow of blood and facilitating absorbtion, &c.

This quill contains the poison, and is more deadly in its effect than its prototype (the minie-ball).

On the opposite side of the card are testimonials in favor of this poison, of its marvelous effects, &c., &c.

The Chairman of the Committee of Health in the Public Schools of Baltimore, Md., says : —

"We have used nearly 20,000 points, and we secured over 50 per cent of 'takes' in our secondary cases."

Why, I would ask, did not all the cases prove "takes" ?

He further says : —

"That those using this virus will not be disappointed."

I agree with him on that point, providing the operators are undertakers in want of work.

The Health Officer of Annapolis, Md., says : —

"It is the very best I have ever used, for efficacy."

I have understood, from good authority, that this man, acting as a Physician, has lost many cases of small-pox.

The Health Officer of Evansville, Ind., says : —

"I have had enough for the present ; was pleased with results obtained," [so were the undertakers, doubtless,] "only in a few instances has it failed."

I would here ask, What was the cause of its failing in any case ?

If it was all the same virus, and every human system is liable to take small-pox, why, in the name of Reason, did not the poison take in all cases ? There is something wrong there—it should be investigated.

The Health Officer of Woodville, Texas, R. M. Schivearingen, must have become somewhat excited when he wrote the following to the Health Committee, (if the report be true, which I doubt).

"Telegraph at once for fresh bovine virus, and vaccinate and re-vaccinate, if necessary, every man, woman, and child in Tyler Co., and you will do more for your people than a regiment of guards could do."

Of course they were instructed to send to "N. V. Establishment," of Washington, D. C.

If VACCINATION protects from small-pox, Where is the use of RE-VACCINATING ?

If people bearing the stamp of the unterrified on ther arms are not safe from the ravages of this scourge, what good will a second mark do them ?

The question is often asked, Does VACCINATION protect ?

I say, it does NOT, *it invites disease ;*

And the declaration that when epidemics come, "They first engulf the UNVACCINATED," is disproved by fact, wherever evidence on the subject can be obtained.

Thus, in the Cologne Epidemic of 1870, "173 *Vaccinated persons were attacked before the first unvaccinated one.*"—*Dr. De Pietra Sayta's letter to the Chamber of Deputies, Feb.* 1881.

In Leiguitz, in 1871, the first unvaccinated to suffer was the 225th on the list. And in Bonn, in 1870, the first unvaccinated victim was the 42nd attacked.—*W. J. Collins, M. D., London, Eng.*

Not wishing to weary your readers with this subject, (tho' of vital importance to me), I will close for the present, earnestly desiring that they would give it their undivided attention, and protect their little, helpless ones from the cruelties and death-dealing torments of VACCINATION.

Shut and bar your door against Science in this garb, for the vestments are too thin to cover its hideousness.

Yours for Health and Happiness.

EMANUEL M. JONES.

AMERICA, AWAKE!

Hattie A. Cate, Editress : —

Madam :—I have received several copies of your valuable paper, for which I thank you very much.

In April 1883, you published an article from my pen, (taken from the *Church Advocate*, a paper published in Pennsylvania, in behalf of a Sect, called the Church of God,) entitled "*Romish Power.*" You called the attention of your readers to it—acquiescing in and endorsing my statements. For doing so, receive my sincere thanks.

I intended, at the time, to write to you, but, somehow, did not get at it. I will now make amends, hoping you will pardon me for not acknowledging your favors before.

I will state, for the benefit of your readers, that I am a Spiritualist thro' and thro', altho' my article appeared in a so-called Christian paper. When writing against the "holy beast", I care not what paper publishes my articles.

The principles of Catholicism, in my estimation, need looking after.

The minds of the masses need stirring up or else, upon this people, at some future day, Rome will strike a deadly blow.

Now, if such are her intentions, what is the remedy ?

The remedy lies with those outside of her Churches.

How shall this remedy be applied ? Shall we sit idly by and see her gain in numbers and influence thro'out our land, and help her, too, by voting for her most radical followers, for prominent positions of trust in our Political arena?

Do Spiritualists, Freethinkers, Materialists, and Christians realize, when they cast their votes for Roman Catholics, that they drop one crumb in a basket that one day will get full to the brim ?

To apply the remedy, we must arouse the people to a sense of their danger. And to do this, we must act.

The Liberal Press is the only—not exactly the only, but *one* of the motive-powers with which to bring this "holy beast" to account.

I regret to say it, but quite a number of Liberal Papers will not publish articles on this subject, for the very reason, I presume, that they think the idea is fanatical, or is not popular enough.

They do not stop to think that the time once was, when Rome ruled the world with a blood-besmeared rod : that she stopped not for gray hairs, nor innocent youth, but ruthlessly tore the hearts from the living bodies of the heretics (?) ; or poured hot lead into their eyes ; punched them with red-hot irons ; stretched them upon racks ; threw them into fiery furnaces ; burned them at the stake ; suspended them by their thumbs ; dragged them over sharp stones, by ropes, with horses ; whipped them to death : and, in fact, administered all kinds of fiendish torture that the ingenuity of the inhuman devils could invent.

They went so far as to dig up the bones of John Wickliffe, (the man who first translated the Bible into the Anglo-saxon language,) and burned them and threw the ashes into the river, because he was the means of the people receiving light—for the very moment the masses got to reading the Bible, they saw how corrupt Rome was, and the result, as a natural consequence, was, that they became heretics, and they grew and multiplied so fast that Rome became alarmed ; and resolved to crush all unbelief. And Histoıy gives to us the result.

To be a heretic, in those Ages, meant death—blood flowed in rivers all over the populated world where Rome held her sway.

The heretics fled from their homes into the mountains, until they, at last, became strong enough to turn upon their oppressors, and mete out what had been meted unto them.

To-day, this savage, inhuman lust for the blood of heretics is not dead in Rome, but only slumbering—she only awaits the proper time to strike. And when that time comes, oceans of blood will be spilled, for the heretics will die hard.

Think for one moment and reason upon what I say.

Where do you find a people so obedient to their Church, so strictly obedient to all the mandates issued by the Bishops, Priests, &c., as the Roman Catholics are ?

Nowhere, I answer, upon the face of the earth : they are one in religion, one in principle.

Now, supposing the Pope at Rome should issue a mandate to his followers to "down with the heretics", how long do you think they would hesitate to carry out his orders ?

This is a matter of no small moment, as the Future History of this Country will demonstrate, unless measures are taken to prevent it.

"Ah," some will say, "'tis all folly to advocate such nonsense ; we are increasing too fast for Rome to ever undertake such a measure."

But, friends, let me ask you if you do not think Rome is increasing in followers too ?

Stop and think for a moment of the many Foreigners who land on our shores every week during the year, and tell me if seven-tenths of them are not Roman Catholics ?

Is it a high, intellectual grade of people that come to this Country ?

Not by any manner of means.

Foreign Nations open their prison doors, and America receives their rubbish, and this is the class, in a large degree, that would be just the right

Continued on Fifth Page.

We must be frank and fearless in speaking the truths we love. Not officiously thrust them into notice at improper times and places, but be very ready to voice our sentiments, simply, kindly, and frankly, as occasion offers. Drop a thought here, and a hint there. Stand up not for Jesus, but for truth; not for Gods, but for men. Demand equal rights for all, for men, women, and children. But in our eagerness for *our* rights: in endeavoring to win the battle for freedom, we must have charity for the tyrant and the oppressor. Old Theology has so long held her subjects in her grip that they do not realize their bonds, or the fact they are acting the tyrant's part when trying to force their dogmas and fables upon those who have outgrown them. So let us try and gain the day by kindly persuasion, by strong arguments, and pure and loving lives.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

Please order them of Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Pulaski Co., Va.—Ed.

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